

"Nine had their paws frozen and dropped from exhaustion in the Patriotic Hills of the Antarctic Peninsula, so we sent them back to America. After all, 1,992 tough miles still lay ahead... And one stormy night Stiger's dog Tim - his old and devoted friend - froze to death."

They set out on their journey on July 27. They travelled for 60 stormy days, on 13 of which the 6-man team could not even stick their noses outside their tents. The temperature dropped to minus 50 degrees and the wind speed reached 100 miles per hour. Faces were scarred and eyes lashed by the biting snow (which in the Antarctic is like metal). Each man lost a good deal of weight. They had to stand on the runners of their sleds and rouse the exhausted dogs so often that three of them developed back pains. But despite everything, there were no conflicting situations and morale remained at a high level.

The members of the expedition reported to us: "We have grown accustomed to the simplest daily rhythm: working, resting, and eating. Trying to focus your attention on anything else is impossible since it is taken up entirely by the trail ahead, which is filled with treacherous surprises. The differences in language and culture actually help us by forcing us to concentrate fully on the various things constantly materialising on the path. We communicate mostly by gestures."

"Not one of my Arctic trips, nor all of them taken together, can compare with this one. the Antarctic is not a place for living beings," said Stiger.

Yes, they have undergone incredible trials. They could not find a supply base and might have shared the tragic fate of Scott, who perished on his return from the South Pole only 11 miles from a food depot that offered